11630. d. 3
4

AN EPISTLE TO CURIO.

Neque tam ulciſcendi cauſa dixi, quam ut & in præſens ſceleratos cives timore ab impugnanda patria detinerem; & in poſterum, documentum ſtatuerem, nequis talem amentiam vellet imitari. TULL.

LONDON:

Printed for R. DODSLEY at *Tully*'s-Head in *Pall-mall*; and ſold by M. COOPER at the *Globe* in *Pater-noſter-Row*.

M.D.CC.XLIV.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ARGUMENT.

CAIUS SCRIBONIUS CURIO *was a* Roman *Senator of great Spirit, Eloquence and Popularity. By Extract a* Plebeian; *but ennobled by the Offices his Family had ſuſtain'd. His Education had form'd him to the moſt active Zeal for the legal Conſtitution of his Country, which he afterwards publicly exerted with great Applauſe under the Direction of* CICERO, *againſt the Inſolence and Uſurpations of the firſt Triumvirate. This Character he maintain'd even after the pernicious Deſigns of* JULIUS CÆSAR *began to appear. But at laſt, unhappily for himſelf and his Country, the Difficulties into which his ungovernable Paſſions had plung'd him, gave that artful Man an Opportunity of ſeducing him to betray the Cauſe of Liberty at its very Criſis. So that he is juſtly charg'd by the* Roman *Hiſtorians, as the chief Incendiary of* CÆSAR'S *Ambition, and Author of all the public Ruin that enſued.*

To *CURIO.*

THrice has the Spring beheld thy faded Fame,
And the fourth Winter riſes on thy Shame,
Since I exulting graſp'd the votive Shell,
In Sounds of Triumph all thy Praiſe to tell;
Bleſt could my Skill thro' Ages make thee ſhine,
And proud to mix my Memory with thine.
But now the Cauſe that wak'd my Song before,
With Praiſe, with Triumph crowns the Toil no more.
If to the glorious Man, whoſe faithful Cares,
Nor quell'd by Malice, nor relax'd by Years,

Had

Had aw'd Ambition's wild audacious Hate,
And dragg'd at length Corruption to her Fate;
If every Tongue its large Applauſes ow'd,
And well-earn'd Laurels every Muſe beſtow'd,
If public Juſtice urg'd the high Reward,
And Freedom ſmil'd on the devoted Bard;
Say then, to him whoſe Levity or Luſt
Laid all a People's gen'rous Hopes in Duſt;
Who taught Ambition firmer Heights of Pow'r,
And ſav'd Corruption at her hopeleſs Hour;
Does not each Tongue its Execrations owe?
Shall not each Muſe a Wreath of Shame beſtow?
And public Juſtice ſanctify th' Award?
And Freedom's Hand protect th' impartial Bard?

Yet long reluctant I forbore thy Name,
Long watch'd thy Virtue like a dying Flame,
Hung o'er each glimm'ring Spark with anxious Eyes,
And wiſh'd and hop'd the Light again would riſe.

But ſince thy Guilt ſtill more intire appears,
Since no Art hides, no Suppoſition clears;
Since vengeful Slander now too ſinks her Blaſt,
And the firſt Rage of Party-hate is paſt;
Calm as the Judge of Truth, at length I come
To weigh thy Merits and pronounce thy Doom:
So may my Truſt from all Reproach be free,
And Earth and Time confirm the fair Decree.

There are who ſay they view'd without Amaze
The ſad Reverſe of all thy former Praiſe;
That thro' the Pageants of a Patriot's Name,
They pierc'd the Foulneſs of thy ſecret Aim;
deem'd thy Arm exalted but to throw
The public Thunder on a private Foe.
But I, whoſe Soul conſented to thy Cauſe,
Who felt thy Genius ſtamp its own Applauſe,
Who ſaw the Spirits of each glorious Age
Move in thy Boſom and direct thy Rage;

I ſcorn'd th' ungen'rous Gloſs of ſlaviſh Minds,
The Owl-ey'd Race, whom Virtue's Luſtre blinds.
Spite of the Learned in the Ways of Vice,
And all who prove *that each Man has his Price*,
I ſtill believ'd thy End was juſt and free;
And yet, ev'n yet believe it ------ ſpite of thee.
Ev'n tho' thy Mouth impure has dar'd diſclaim,
Urg'd by the wretched Impotence of Shame,
Whatever filial Cares thy Zeal had paid
To Laws infirm and Liberty decay'd;
Has begg'd Ambition to forgive the Show;
Has told Corruption thou wert ne'er her Foe;
Has boaſted in thy Country's awful Ear,
Her groſs Deluſion when ſhe held thee dear;
How tame ſhe follow'd thy tempeſtuous Call,
And heard thy pompous Tales, and truſted all----
Riſe from your ſad Abodes, ye Curſt of old
For Laws ſubverted and for Cities ſold!

Paint all the nobleſt Trophies of your Guilt,
The Oaths you perjur'd and the Blood you ſpilt;
Yet muſt you one untempted Vileneſs own,
One dreadful Palm reſerv'd for him alone;
With ſtudied Arts his Country's Praiſe to ſpurn,
To beg the Infamy he did not earn,
To challenge Hate when Honour was his Due,
And plead his Crimes where all his Virtue knew.

Do Robes of State the guarded Heart incloſe
From each fair Feeling human Nature knows?
Can pompous Titles ſtun th' inchanted Ear
To all that Reaſon, all that Senſe would hear?
Elſe could'ſt thou e'er deſert thy ſacred Poſt,
In ſuch unthankful Baſeneſs to be loſt?
Elſe could'ſt thou wed the Emptineſs of Vice,
And yield thy Glories at an Idiot's Price?

When they, who loud for Liberty and Laws,
In doubtful Times had fought their Country's Cauſe,
When now, of Conqueſt and Dominion ſure,
They ſought alone to hold their Fruits ſecure;
When taught by theſe, Oppreſſion hid the Face,
To leave Corruption ſtronger in her Place,
By ſilent Spells to work the public Fate,
And taint the Vitals of the paſſive State,
Till healing Wiſdom ſhould avail no more,
And Freedom loathe to tread the poiſon'd Shore;
Then, like ſome guardian God that flies to ſave
The weary Pilgrim from an inſtant Grave,
Whom ſleeping and ſecure, the guileful Snake
Steals near and nearer thro' the peaceful Brake;
Then CURIO roſe to ward the public Woe,
To wake the Heedleſs and incite the Slow,
Againſt Corruption Liberty to arm,
And quell th' Enchantreſs by a mightier Charm.

Swift o'er the Land the fair Contagion flew,
And with thy Country's Hopes thy Honours grew.
Thee, Patriot, the Patrician Roof confeſs'd;
Thy pow'rful Voice the reſcued Merchant bleſs'd;
Of thee with Awe the rural Hearth reſounds;
The Bowl to thee the grateful Sailor crowns;
Touch'd in the ſighing Shade with manlier Fires,
To trace thy Steps the love-ſick Youth aſpires;
The learn'd Recluſe, who oft amaz'd had read
Of *Græcian* Heroes, *Roman* Patriots dead,
With new Amazement hears a living Name
Pretend to ſhare in ſuch forgotten Fame;
And he who, ſcorning Courts and Courtly Ways,
Left the tame Track of theſe dejected Days,
The Life of nobler Ages to renew
In Virtues ſacred from a Monarch's View,
Rouz'd by thy Labours from the bleſt Retreat,
Where ſocial Eaſe and public Paſſions meet,

Again

Again aſcending treads the civil Scene,
To *act* and be *a Man*, as thou had'ſt been.

Thus by Degrees thy Cauſe ſuperior grew,
And the great End appear'd at laſt in view:
We heard the People in thy Hopes rejoice;
We ſaw the Senate bending to thy Voice;
The Friends of Freedom hail'd th' approaching Reign
Of Laws for which our Fathers bled in vain;
While venal Faction, ſtruck with new Diſmay,
Shrunk at their Frown, and ſelf-abandon'd lay.
Wak'd in the Shock, the PUBLIC GENIUS roſe,
Abaſh'd and keener from his long Repoſe;
Sublime in ancient Pride, he rais'd the Spear
Which Slaves and Tyrants long were wont to fear:
The City felt his Call: From Man to Man,
From Street to Street the glorious Horror ran;
Each crouded Haunt was ſtirr'd beneath his Pow'r,
And murmuring challeng'd the deciding Hour.

Lo!

Lo! the deciding Hour at laſt appears;
The Hour of every Freeman's Hopes and Fears!
Thou, Genius! Guardian of the *Roman* Name,
O ever prompt tyrannic Rage to tame!
Inſtruct the mighty Moments as they roll,
And guide each Movement ſteady to the Goal.
Ye Spirits, by whoſe providential Art
Succeeding Motives turn the changeful Heart,
Keep, keep the beſt in View to CURIO's Mind,
And watch his Fancy and his Paſſions bind!
Ye Shades immortal, who, by Freedom led,
Or in the Field or on the Scaffold bled,
Bend from your radiant Seats a joyful Eye,
And view the Crown of all your Labours nigh.
See Freedom mounting her eternal Throne!
The Sword ſubmitted and the Laws her own:
See! public Pow'r chaſtiz'd beneath her ſtands,
With Eyes intent and uncorrupted Hands;

See private Life by wiſeſt Arts reclaim'd!
See ardent Youth to nobleſt Manners fram'd!
See us acquire whate'er was ſought by You,
If CURIO, only CURIO will be true.

'Twas then----O Shame! O Truſt, how ill repaid!
O *Latium* oft by faithleſs Sons betray'd!-----
'Twas then ----- What Frenzy on thy Reaſon ſtole?
What Spells unſinew'd thy determin'd Soul?
-------Is this the Man in Freedom's Cauſe approv'd?
The Man ſo great, ſo honour'd, ſo belov'd?
This patient Slave by Tinſel Chains allur'd?
This wretched Suitor for a Boon abjur'd?
This CURIO hated and deſpis'd by all?
Who fell himſelf, to work his Country's Fall?

O loſt alike to Action and Repoſe!
Unown'd, unpitied in the worſt of Woes!
With all that conſcious, undiſſembled Pride,

With all that Habit of familiar Fame,
Doom'd to exhauſt the Dregs of Life in Shame!
The ſole ſad Refuge of thy baffled Art,
To act a Stateſman's dull, exploded Part;
Renounce the Praiſe no longer in thy Pow'r,
Diſplay thy Virtue tho' without a Dow'r,
Contemn the giddy Crowd, the vulgar Wind,
And ſhut thy Eyes that others may be blind.
------ Forgive me, *Romans*, that I bear to ſmile
When ſhameleſs Mouths your Majeſty defile,
Paint you a thoughtleſs, frantic, headlong Crew,
And caſt their own Impieties on you.
For witneſs, Freedom, to whoſe ſacred Pow'r
My Soul was vow'd from Reaſon's earlieſt Hour,
How have I ſtood exulting to ſurvey
My Country's Virtues opening in thy Ray!
How, with the Sons of every foreign Shore,
The more I match'd them, honour'd hers the more!

O Race erect! whose native Strength of Soul,
Which Kings, nor Priests, nor sordid Laws controul,
Bursts the tame Round of animal Affairs,
And seeks a nobler Center for its Cares;
Intent the Laws of Life to comprehend,
And fix Dominion's Limits by its End.
Who bold and equal in their Love or Hate,
By conscious Reason judging every State,
The *Man* forget not, tho' in Rags he lies,
And know the *Mortal* thro' a Crown's Disguise:
Thence prompt alike with witty Scorn to view
Fastidious Grandeur lift his solemn Brow;
Or all awake at Pity's soft Command,
Bend the mild Ear and stretch the gracious Hand:
Thence large of Heart, from Envy far remov'd,
When public Toils to Virtue stand approv'd,
Not the young Lover fonder to admire,
Nor more indulgent the delighted Sire;

Yet

Yet high and jealous of their freeborn Name,
Fierce as the Flight of *Jove*'s deſtroying Flame,
Where'er Oppreſſion works her wanton Sway,
Proud to confront and dreadful to repay.
But if to purchaſe CURIO's ſage Applauſe,
My Country muſt with him renounce her Cauſe,
Quit with a Slave the Path a Patriot trod,
Bow the meek Knee and kiſs the regal Rod;
Then ſtill, ye Pow'rs, inſtruct his Tongue to rail,
Nor let his Zeal, nor let his Subject fail:
Elſe ere he change the Style, bear me away
To where the *Gracchi*, where the *Bruti* ſtay!

O long rever'd and late reſign'd to Shame!
If this uncourtly Page thy Notice claim

Ver. 218.] The two Brothers, *Tiberius* and *Caius Gracchus* loſt their Lives in attempting to introduce the only Regulation that could give Stability and good Order to the *Roman* Republic.

L. Jun. Brutus founded the Commonwealth, and died in its Defence.

When

When the loud Cares of Bus'neſs are withdrawn,
Nor well-dreſt Beggars round thy Footſteps fawn;
In that ſtill, thoughtful, ſolitary Hour,
When Truth exerts her unreſiſted Pow'r,
Breaks the falſe Optics ting'd with Fortune's Glare,
Unlocks the Breaſt and lays the Paſſions bare;
Then turn thy Eyes on that important Scene,
And aſk thyſelf------if all be well within.
Where is the Heart-felt Worth and Weight of Soul,
Which Labour cou'd not ſtop, nor Fear controul?
Where the known Dignity, the Stamp of Awe,
Which, half abaſh'd, the Proud and Venal ſaw?
Where the calm Triumphs of an honeſt Cauſe?
Where the delightful Taſte of juſt Applauſe?
Where the ſtrong Reaſon, the commanding Tongue,
On which the Senate fir'd or trembling hung?
All vaniſh'd, all are ſold-------And in their Room
Couch'd in thy Boſom's deep, diſtracted Gloom,

See the pale Form of barb'rous Grandeur dwell,
Like ſome grim Idol in a Sorc'rer's Cell!
To her in Chains thy Dignity was led;
At her polluted Shrine thy Honour bled;
With blaſted Weeds thy awful Brow ſhe crown'd,
Thy pow'rful Tongue with poiſon'd Philters bound,
That baffled Reaſon ſtraight indignant flew,
And fair Perſuaſion from her Seat withdrew:
For now no longer Truth ſupports thy Cauſe;
No longer Glory prompts thee to Applauſe;
No longer Virtue breathing in thy Breaſt,
With all her conſcious Majeſty confeſt,
Still bright and brighter wakes th' almighty Flame
To rouze the Feeble and the Wilful tame,
And where ſhe ſees the catching Glimpſes roll,
Spreads the ſtrong Blaze and all involves the Soul;
But cold Reſtraints thy conſcious Fancy chill,
And formal Paſſions mock thy ſtruggling Will;

Or

Or if thy Genius e'er forget his Chain,
And reach impatient at a nobler Strain,
Soon the ſad Bodings of contemptuous Mirth
Shoot thro' thy Breaſt and ſtab the generous Birth,
Till blind with Smart, from Truth to Frenzy toſt,
And all the Tenour of thy Reaſon loſt,
Perhaps thy Anguiſh drains a real Tear;
While ſome with Pity, ſome with Laughter hear.
------Can Art, alas! or Genius guide the Head,
Where Truth and Freedom from the Heart are fled?
Can leſſer Wheels repeat their native Stroke,
When the prime Function of the Soul is broke?

But come, unhappy Man! thy Fates impend;
Come, quit thy Friends, if yet thou haſt a Friend;
Turn from the poor Rewards of Guilt like thine,
Renounce thy Titles and thy Robes reſign;
For ſee the Hand of Deſtiny diſplay'd
To ſhut thee from the Joys thou haſt betray'd!

See the dire Fane of INFAMY ariſe!
Dark as the Grave, and ſpacious as the Skies;
Where from the firſt of Time, thy kindred Train,
The Chiefs and Princes of th' Unjuſt remain.
Eternal Barriers guard the pathleſs Road
To warn the Wand'rer of the curſt Abode;
But prone as Whirlwinds ſcour the paſſive Sky,
The Heights ſurmounted, down the Steep they fly.
There black with Frowns, relentleſs TIME awaits,
And goads their Footſteps to the guilty Gates;
And ſtill he aſks them of their unknown Aims,
Evolves their Secrets and their Guilt proclaims;
And ſtill his Hands deſpoil them on the Road
Of each vain Wreath by lying Bards beſtow'd,
Break their proud Marbles, cruſh their feſtal Cars,
And rend the lawleſs Trophies of their Wars.
At laſt the Gates his potent Voice obey;
Fierce to their dark Abode he drives his Prey,

Where

Where ever arm'd with adamantine Chains,
The watchful Dæmon o'er her Vaſſals reigns,
O'er mighty Names and Giant-Pow'rs of Luſt,
The *Great*, the *Sage*, the *Happy* and *Auguſt*.
No Gleam of Hope their baleful Manſion chears,
No Sound of Honour hails their unbleſt Ears;
But dire Reproaches from the Friend betray'd,
The childleſs Sire and violated Maid;
But vengeful Vows for guardian Laws effac'd,
From Towns inſlav'd and Continents laid waſte;
But long Poſterity's united Groan,
And the ſad Charge of Horrors not their own,
For ever thro' the trembling Space reſound,
And ſink each impious Forehead to the Ground.

Ye mighty Foes of Liberty and Reſt,
Give Way, do Homage to a mightier Gueſt!

Ver. 296.] Titles which have been generally aſcrib'd to the moſt pernicious of Men.

Ye

Ye daring Spirits of the *Roman* Race,
See CURIO's Toil your proudeſt Claims efface!
-----Aw'd at the Name, fierce *Appius* riſing bends,
And hardy *Cinna* from his Throne attends:
"He comes," they cry, "to whom the Fates aſſign'd
"With ſurer Arts to work what we deſign'd,
"From Year to Year the ſtubborn Herd to ſway,
"Mouth all their Wrongs, and all their Rage obey;
"Till own'd their Guide and truſted with their Pow'r,
"He mock'd their Hopes in one deciſive Hour;
"Then tir'd and yielding, led them to the Chain,
"And quench'd the Spirit we provok'd in vain."

But thou, Supreme, by whoſe eternal Hands
Fair Liberty's heroic Empire ſtands;
Whoſe Thunders the rebellious Deep controul,
And quell the Triumphs of the Traitor's Soul,

Ver. 311, 312.] *Appius Claudius* the Decemvir and *L. Cornelius Cinna* both attempted to eſtabliſh a tyrannical Dominion in *Rome*, and both periſh'd by the Treaſon.

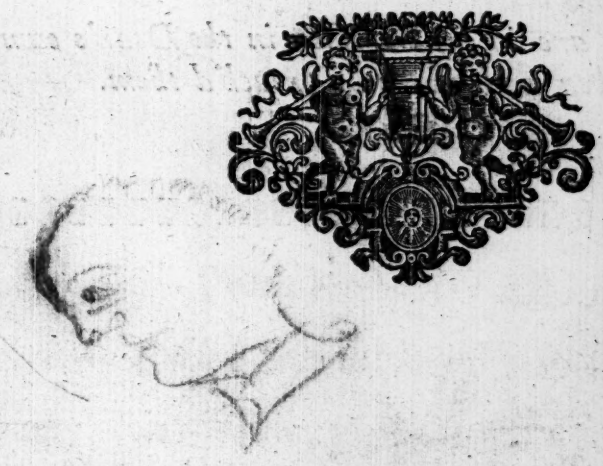
O turn this dreadful Omen far away!
On Freedom's Foes their own Attempts repay;
Relume her ſacred Fire ſo near ſuppreſt,
And fix her Shrine in every *Roman* Breaſt.
Tho' bold Corruption boaſt around the Land,
" Let Virtue, if ſhe can, my Baits withſtand!"
Tho' bolder now ſhe urge th' accurſed Claim,
Gay with her Trophies rais'd on CURIO's Shame;
Yet ſome there are who ſcorn her impious Mirth,
Who know what Conſcience and a Heart are worth.
------ O Friend and Father of the Human Mind,
Whoſe Art for nobleſt Ends our Frame deſign'd!
If I, tho' fated to the ſtudious Shade
Which Party-ſtrife nor anxious Pow'r invade,
If I aſpire in public Virtue's Cauſe,
To guide the Muſes by ſublimer Laws,
Do thou her own Authority impart,
And give my Numbers Entrance to the Heart.

Perhaps

Perhaps the Verſe might rouze her ſmother'd Flame,
And ſnatch the fainting Patriot back to Fame;
Perhaps by worthy Thoughts of human Kind,
To worthy Deeds exalt the conſcious Mind;
Or daſh Corruption in her proud Career,
And teach her Slaves that Vice was born to fear.

11 : 7 : 49

F I N I S.



Juſt Publiſh'd,

(*Printed for* R. DODSLEY *in* Pall-Mall)

I. A Short Courſe of STANDING RULES for the Government and Conduct of an ARMY deſign'd for, or in the Field. With ſome uſefull Obſervations drawn from Experience. By a Lieutenant General of His Majeſty's Forces.

II. Three SERMONS. 1. On *Mutual Subjection.* 2. On *Conſcience.* 3. On the *Trinity.* By the Reverend Dr. *Swift,* Dean of St. *Patrick*'s.

N. B. *The Originals are in my Poſſeſſion in the Dean's own Hand, with the Dates when and where he preach'd them.*